UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Menace of War

By WILLIAM E. BORAH

The Church Prophetic

By ROBERT WHITAKER

Tower Hill a State Park

VOLUME XC NUMBER 4

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XC THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1922 NUMBER 4

THE ORDER OF PEACE AND GOOD-WILL.

We agree to deny ourselves, so far as possible, every expression of complaint, fault-finding, resentment, or bitterness. If we are fractious we will not show it. We will not complain at our circumstances, however meager, uncomfortable, or lonely they may be. We will not complain at the weather, or the state of our health. We will not answer back with anger, as much as by a look, even if we think ourselves treated with disrespect or injustice. We will bear it if we receive less of love, honor, or attention than we deserve. We will not stretch out our hands to demand more than we get.

We will deny ourselves the privilege to punish or censure others, though they deserve punishment. We will not denounce anyone. We will give up the use of blame, even against the blameworthy. We will not combat other people's opinions or try to argue them down. If we can say nothing good of a neighbor, we will say nothing at all. We will make no one unhappy if we can help it. We will not try to detect evil, or to attack it, or to utter it. We will have the least possible to do with it. We will henceforth turn our forces in the directions of good. We will discover all the good there is in our conditions and our circumstances. We will count up the full value of the assets that belong to us, every item of good health that remains, all beautiful scenery, all memories of sunny days, all our comforts, every loyal friend.

We will find out and appreciate whatever good there is in our friends, our neighbors, and our attendants. We will try to understand their opinions, their politics, and their religion. We will say kind words to them whenever we can. We will tell them, if they care to hear, what our best thought is. We will be good-natured if they do not agree with us.

We must sometimes, doubtless, speak out and say what we think! We cannot let evil be confounded with good. We cannot stand by and see injustice done. We will speak then, if we must, to some purpose and do good when we speak. We will speak for the sake of others, and never because we are hurt. We will never say disagreeable things for the satisfaction of saying them.

We will assure ourselves that our temper is good, before we say what will pain our neighbor to hear; otherwise we will not dare to speak. We will use the voice and tone of sympathy, or, if our voice is harsh, we will wait till we can recover its tone. We will approach our neighbor with good will, or we will let him alone. We will repeat to ourselves certain good words, "Thy kingdom come; thy will (that is, the good will) be done"; and if we cannot say these words in good faith, we will not dare to condemn anyone else.

This is the Order of Peace and Good-Will. We aim to make the least possible trouble; we aim to give no one needless pain; we aim to stop strife; we aim to overcome evil with good. We see no other way to kill evil. We are here to make the world happy. CHARLES F. DOLE.

We are dumb with admiration at the turn of affairs abroad. If there was any one outcome of the war, so we were told, which was really to be regarded as beneficent, it was the ousting of the Moslems from Europe. Now they come back to their old dominions with the full sanction of the Allies, and the special blessing of the United States! If there was any one conclusive piece of evidence, so we were told, that the Germans were barbarians and must be destroyed if civilization was to be saved, it was the alliance of these same Germans with the "unspeakable Turk." Now France is allied with this same Turk, and is furnishing him with the guns, ammunition and advice necessary for his triumphant advance to the Dardanelles! If there was any one thing that seemed beautiful in the Great War, it was the alliance of England and France in the blood-covenant to end war forever and thus at last establish peace upon the earth. Today these two bond-servants of peace, through their mercenaries, the Greeks and Turks, are themselves at war, and threatening to engulf the world at any moment in a repetition of 1914! It's a nice little whirligig, just as it stands! For ourselves, in our momentary Dantesque mood of infernal ferocity, we would like nothing so much as to take a magic carpet and transport all the wretched sufferers in Smyrna to places of quiet refuge in America, and then put in their place, in the ashes of that burnt and tortured city, the 100 per cent Americans who clamored themselves hoarse in 1914-1917 to get the United States into the war against Germany, "to make the world safe for democracy." But would it do any good? Not a particle, save to the rescued Smyrnians and our own unworthy feelings! Within an hour, these same Americans would be rising to plead, in the name of humanity, civilization, democracy, peace, freedom, Christianity, *et cetera ad nauseam,* for another world war! We learn nothing from history, says Mr. Shaw, except the lesson that we learn nothing from history!

For description of such a situation as the above, nobody is adequate but another Swift, or, if pity displace satire, our own Thomas Hardy. But for the moment such comment, however true to the facts, is almost wicked; for what is alone fitting, for the moment, is *relief for those who suffer.* We have just been reading Clare Sheridan's account of what is going on in Smyrna (N. Y. *World,* October 2), and we are sick with horror. On our desk is a sheaf of fac-simile cablegrams, received at the office of the Near East Relief from its administrators on the spot, and we bow our head in mingled shame and grief. The

worst of the Great War saw nothing worse than this. History at its blackest in the past, has here a dreadful rival. Come, friends, lend a hand! In the name of humanity, *give!* The office of the Near East Relief is at 151 Fifth Avenue, New York. Every dollar sent in now will save lives, and do what can be done to heal broken hearts.

How many of our readers know that the famous naval reduction agreement, drawn up and signed at the Washington Conference last November, has not yet been ratified by two of the signatory powers, France and Italy? How many know that the United States government has done nothing as yet to carry out the terms of the agreement, and will do nothing until France and Italy have accepted what their representatives at the Conference endorsed? How many believe, in the present state of European affairs, that France and Italy have any intention of taking this step and thus making obligatory the reduction of their navies? There never was a mightier blowing of trumpets than that which celebrated the outcome of the Washington assembly. Had Mr. Hughes been Sir Galahad, and the treaty the long-lost Holy Grail, there could not have been more rapturous acclaim from press and pulpit and the general pulpit. Disarmament was begun, war was at an end, peace was come. Wonderful! Wonderful! But now that the shouts have ceased, and the dust has cleared away, and we are able to assess in sober earnest just what was accomplished at this Conference, we discover that this "just what" is, in plain and simple terms,—*nothing!* We are where we started, except that the people have been lulled into a false sense of security, behind which, as a screen, the great powers may carry on their nefarious imperialistic schemes without being detected or suspected. Years ago, "Boss" Murphy, of Tammany Hall, gave a piece of sage advice to a hard-pressed candidate for political office. "If they've got the goods on you," he said, "raise a holler about something else." The common peoples of the world were just beginning to "get the goods" on the brigand nations which had set up their "den of thieves" at Versailles, when all of a sudden there came a mighty holler at Washington about disarmament. It was a clever piece of business, and, as usual, it worked to a T!

Lynching still goes on unabated. It is the great American Saturnalia! Georgia, appropriately the home of the late "Tom" Watson, has just set up a new record of nine lynchings in a period of sixty days. We doubt if this record will be broken until Georgia breaks it herself. Meanwhile the national government stands impotent, and, in the case of such a proposed piece of legislature as the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill, haggles over intricate and artificial questions of constitutionality. How long would such a shameful state of affairs continue, we wonder, if lynching were directed against some social group more powerful and popular than the Negroes—big business, for example? Does the government find itself helpless when workingmen, in the mines or on the railroads, strike for the protection of their industrial interests! Does the administration find itself beset by nice constitutional questions of states' rights, when it is a question of helping out the coal barons or the railway kings? When an Attorney-General can go into the federal courts and secure an injunction against labor which paralyzes action as cold freezes water, is there any question that this same Attorney-General could invoke the law to protect Negroes from lynching, if he really wanted to do so? To say this is not to approve Mr. Daugherty's outrageous appeal to the Chicago court for a weapon against strikers. It is only to reveal the government's state of mind as regards the Negro. For ourselves, we believe that the alleged objections to action on the part of the government against the lynching horror, are mere quibbles. The nation can intervene in this case, as in numerous other cases, for the maintenance of conditions of law and order and the protection of human life. President Cleveland sent the U. S. army to Chicago, on the occasion of the Pullman strike, to safeguard the mails. Why should not President Harding send the troops to Georgia, to safeguard the lives of citizens, even though these citizens chance to be black?

Last Spring, Professor Clarence R. Skinner, of Tufts College, one of the editors of UNITY, secured the grant of a sabbatical year (1922-1923), and prepared to spend it in India. Professor Skinner, however, is not going to India. Professor Skinner is not allowed to go to India. When Professor Skinner presented his passport to the British consulate for the necessary visa, this visa was refused! No reason for this action was given, or asked, but—Professor Skinner is interested in Gandhi and his cause, he has written and spoken publicly on behalf of justice for India, and he is not altogether unknown to the Friends of Freedom for India! Evidently, "there's a reason," even though this reason has not been publicly stated. And evidently, also, the situation in India is much more serious, from the English standpoint, than we have recently been allowed to know. Straws are still showing which way the wind blows! It is in this sense that, in spite of our sympathy for Professor Skinner, we welcome this news of what has happened to him. Here at last is the evidence, which, in the absence of reports from India, has been so long lacking, that the non-co-operation movement is marching on, that the British government feels no confidence in its ability to control the situation, that Gandhi in prison

is a still greater influence than Gandhi at large among his countrymen. It is said that a murderer always leaves something behind to disclose his identity. In the same way, an imperialistic government is always doing something to reveal the facts of oppression and revolt which it tries so hard to hide. By refusing a visa to the passport of a single American citizen, Great Britain has herself lifted the curtain of concealment, and told us all that we would know of India and her fight for freedom.

Foreign Affairs (London), edited by our English representative, E. D. Morel, has appeared this summer in new, enlarged and more attractive form. Its style of paper and print, its size and general make-up, similar to that of the London *Nation* and *Spectator*, give added dignity to one of the bravest and most important journals published anywhere on this broad earth. Mr. Morel is one of the heroes of modern times. His career, from the beginning of his single-handed fight against the rubber atrocities in the Belgian Congo, through his opposition to the Great War which culminated in a prison-sentence, to his present determined battle for the scrapping of the Versailles Treaty and the establishment of an honest peace, is one long service of mankind. It constitutes a story which, in days to come, will be remembered and cherished as one of the hero-sagas of all time. Let those who would read the tale, consult F. S. Cocks's biography. But E. D. Morel's record is something more than that of valor and martyrdom for truth. This great Englishman presents the peculiar combination of scientist and crusader, student and fighter. Mr. Morel, in other words, not only sees his ideals, but *knows his facts*. He is the outstanding authority, in England today, on all current international problems. His books, "Ten Years of Secret Diplomacy," "Truth and the War," and "Diplomacy Revealed," as well as numerous pamphlets and addresses, stand absolutely unrivalled in their field as sources of information. It is *Foreign Affairs* which is the monthly organ of this idealist and scholar. Few magazines anywhere can compare with it as a running commentary on contemporary international affairs and a flaming beacon-light of truth. It is a reproach to Americans that it is not better known and more widely read in this country. UNITY readers should get acquainted with it by writing for sample copies to Orchard House, 2 Great Smith St., Westminster, London.

UNITY has more than once said its say about "fair-weather pacifists"—the men who prate about peace in days of peace, but promptly beat the drums and lift the flags in support of every war. Especially have we voiced our indignation at the spectacle of Christian ministers, who did all they could to urge on the last war, and who are dead certain to be ardent advocates of the next war, but who now, when times are safe, cry peace. Some of our readers have gently chided us for our severe judgment of these men. Hence our satisfaction in printing the following extract from the London *Nation* (July 29):

THE CLERGY AND THE NO-MORE-WAR DEMONSTRATION

For ourselves we confess that the effrontery of spiritual leaders who preached a holy war in 1914 and now stand forth in any other array than sackcloth and ashes is a staggering experience. Do these Bishops and Free Church ministers hold that the war they blessed has been justified by the peace it won, and that their incitements to young men to kill their brothers have borne sound spiritual fruits? . . . No. In the hour of man's greatest agony the Christian Churches in every land brought no gift of healing, but held the clothes of those who saved Humanity. Until they have openly repented this treason, it was surely better to keep silence, and leave the practical task of spiritual progress to ordinary sinful men and women, some of whom have always shown themselves ready to expose themselves to obloquy and violence by opposing, not war, not even the last war, but *this* war. It may not, indeed, be an easy matter for the spiritual patrons of organized slaughter to abandon the miserable sophistry by which they have hitherto evaded putting into practice the plain dictates of their Master. But until they do, they must bear a major share of the guilt of poisoning the spiritual life of the people.

To this we cry, Amen—and still again, *Amen!* The Christian ministers who supported the Great War have a very simple alternative before them, as the *Nation* points out. They should keep silent, and pass into the oblivion where they belong; or else they should repent their sin, as a condition of further speech. Instead of doing either of these things, these men have the impudence to advocate the peace which they betrayed yesterday, and will betray again tomorrow. It is recorded in the Gospels that Judas, after he had betrayed his master, had the decency to go hang himself!

The death of William Austin Smith, since 1916 the editor of *The Churchman*, is a tragic loss not merely to religious journalism but to the whole religious world. Leaders of courage and vision are not so numerous in the church that a man like Dr. Smith can be spared in the forty-ninth year of his age. Essentially a liberal in spirit and opinion, he made his paper the champion of every progressive movement in the Protestant Episcopal church. He had little sympathy for theological orthodoxy and ecclesiastical pretension, and no respect at all for hierarchical authority. Sectarian interests as such did not appeal to him, and every attempt to make the church a narrower and more exclusive institution won his instant hostility. The reactionary forces in present day Episcopacy found nothing to comfort them in the columns of *The Churchman*. But Dr. Smith's leadership in the religious field was by no means confined to his particular denominational group. On the contrary, his courage, his unflinching candor of utterance, his integrity of thought, his nobly unselfish spirit, combined to make him a power in the public life of America. More and more, dur-

ing the past six years, *The Churchman* has presented the almost unexampled spectacle of a religious journal whose opinions on the current questions of the day are so important as not to be disregarded. During the war, Dr. Smith plead unfalteringly for sanity and forbearance, and denounced in unmeasured terms the betrayals of liberty by government and mob alike. After the war, he did his part in disclosing the true nature of the Versailles Treaty, and more clearly perhaps than any other clerical voice in America, called church and nation to repentance and to a new and genuine endeavor for world-peace. In the labor problem, he saw clearly the central issue of human rights, and espoused the cause of the workingman in many a hard-fought fight. The social applications of religion were never absent from his thought; and the duty of the church to lead in the task of political, industrial and social regeneration was a first lien upon his life. The last years of Dr. Smith's career were an heroic battle against suffering and physical disability. For months his trumpet-calls were sounded from a bed of illness. We salute with reverence the passing of a brave, chivalrous soul.

Across the Pacific

Editorial Correspondence.

You will be interested, I feel sure, in the No More War demonstration held in Melbourne, Sunday, August 6. Since this is midwinter, corresponding to the month of February in America, the demonstration was confined to indoors. There were two meetings, one in the Australian Church, the other in Bijou Theatre. I will give you an idea of the Australian Church meeting.

This meeting was organized by the Sisterhood of Peace of the Women's International League of Peace and Freedom, assisted by the Australian Church, the Free Religious Fellowship, the Peace Society and the Friends. Dr. Charles Strong presided, the choirs of the Religious Fellowship and the Australian Church furnishing such music as "Ring Out, Wild Bells" and the "Hallelujah Chorus." Ten-minute addresses were given by E. J. Holloway, Secretary, Trades Hall; Miss Jean Daly, who was an active participant in the Anti-Conscription fight during the war; Miss Eleanor Moore of the International League of Peace and Freedom; Rev. F. Sinclaire, of the Religious Fellowship.

Miss Daly said, women paid the first price of war, since for every khaki-lad some woman had gone down to the border-land of death. Women, also during war, pay the heaviest toll. During the British-Boer war, the British killed 4,000 Boer men, but killed or starved 20,000 women and children. What is happening to the women and children of Russia and Poland and Armenia and other lands is the direct result of war. Miss Daly called the period from July 28th to August 4, the "World Great Passion Week." In spite of all this carnage, war goes on practically without protest. It must be seen that the people of the different nations differ very little. Their interests are largely common interests.

Mr. Holloway is an exceptional man and gave a good address. He said that great effort should be made "to devise a way to prevent war." It was necessary to create a world with nationalism eliminated. The meeting held, in April, in Rome, gave him great hope. The representatives of 24 million workers, in key industries, laid plans for preventing war. The method of "fold your arms" was to be used. His greatest hope lay in this direction, when the workers would learn how to carry out a general strike in case of hostilities.

Miss Moore said that on this day, the 6th of August, a wreath made of gum leaves and wattle blossoms, bearing the inscription "No More War" and on the reverse side "To the Fallen" had been placed at the base of a memorial statue, on the steps of Parliament House. Australia, she said, must not look across the sea for leadership, but must settle with militarism on her own shores. Whether Australians were to prove to be a "blessing" or a "curse" to the land, to which they were the last comers, would be determined by their attitude toward war.

Mr. Sinclaire said that this was the first time that the choice to decide for war or against war had been given to mankind. Providence was providing an unprecedented opportunity. The trouble now is that people do not seem to worry much over the situation but "our apathy may be dooming our children to a future hell of war. There will be war as long as people are apathetic. There must be a sufficient passionate desire. We may have heaven for the taking."

It is the custom at all meetings in Australia to present a resolution which is formally moved and seconded. No one ever gives an address without someone moving a vote of thanks, which is duly supported. It gives people a chance to express themselves on the subject—for while the after-speakers may disagree with the main speaker, appreciation for his efforts is duly and formally recorded. The resolution presented and carried was as follows:

> This mass meeting sends fraternal greetings to the similar gatherings now being held throughout Europe and America, joins with them in declaring its hatred of war, and pledges itself to co-operate with them in working for conditions which will guarantee that there shall be No More War—(a) by perfecting international organization for the removal of the causes of war, the settlement of disputes, and the promotion of international co-operation; and (b) by developing an international sense of solidarity which will make war impossible.

SYDNEY STRONG.

The Joy of Life

IX.

Man, oh, not men! a chain of linked thought,
Of love and might to be divided not,
Compelling the elements with adamantine stress;
As the sun rules even with a tyrant's gaze
The unquiet republic of the maze
Of planets, struggling fierce towards heaven's free wilderness:

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
Whose nature is its own divine control,
Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea.

How pregnant are these lines with the spirit of contemporary Christianity, yet they were penned one hundred and two years ago by a twenty-eight year old lad who was frowned on by the church and expelled from Oxford because of an article which he had written on "The Necessity of Atheism." That young man was Percy Bysshe Shelley.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Had that question been addressed to Shelley, the answer, in the light of the above quotation, would have been: To the same extent that you are your own keeper, for you and your brother are one. We are all one—man, not men. Mankind is a social unit. This is Dewey's gospel of the shared life—a group consciousness as over against an individualistic ego; society functioning as a unit through the contributions of its individual components; a world in which each person contributes of his opportunity toward the welfare of all. But such abstractions sparkle alluringly like the stars sparkle, but shed only a meagre light on man's stony pathway. What, concretely expressed, is the doctrine of the shared life?

For me it means that I in my relationships with my fellow men, must make each contact a definite contribution. My life, when brought in contact with the life of my friend, for example, becomes a part of him, and it is my privilege to make that part contribute to the realization of his noblest endeavors. So many times we are but debit entries in the lives of our friends; we take from those we confess to love, but give nothing in return. Many a young man, an embryonic genius, has gone to a grave of mediocrity because his friends contributed to his life naught but amusement. Cursed or blessed with an enlarged capacity for a certain type of pleasure, many a talented young man draws to himself, like the sun its planets, a cluster of friends—friends who seek his companionship merely to enjoy with him this one pleasure which they have in common. The result is frequently fatal. Hounded, as by a pack of wolves, such a man is often, figuratively speaking, devoured by his friends. . . They monopolize his time, they divert his attention from those nobler pursuits, they overemphasize, in his life, this by-product until it becomes a mighty determinant, barring progress to nobility of character. The contacts of the Christian friend of the shared life are entered on the credit side of the ledger. He makes his friendship minister to the enriching, the enhancing, and the perfecting of the lives of his companions. He sees in his friends an extension of himself, an affinity, a unity. He does not have to practice altruism for there is no life beyond his life—all is one. Society becomes the human unit.

Enlarge this canvas. Extend this shared life to all members of your state, of your nation; and then take the international step and extend it to the total human race, and you have a picture of a world brotherhood functioning in society; you have a universal, cooperative quest after a good life for all humanity; you have

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul, 'a chain of linked thought'
Of love and might to be divided not.

EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

The Menace of War

Another great war cloud hangs over Europe. The whole world looks on in dread and terror lest another butchery of the human family, another great carnage, is to be initiated. If such happens it would seem almost a miracle should we escape a complete breakdown of the whole vast structure of modern civilization, a final disintegration of the moral forces of society. Literally language cannot begin to portray the destructive and deadly effect of another great war. Can anything be said or done to stay or discourage it? I think something can be done. I think the Christian world can raise its voice in behalf of justice to those people against whom we are now asked to prepare for war.

During the war France solemnly, publicly, repeatedly promised liberty and independence to Syria. England promised a like program for the people of Egypt and Mesopotamia. When the war closed all this territory and all these people were divided up, parcelled out and the white race, the Christian race, began to shoot down and kill and murder the people of Syria and Mesopotamia and Egypt and India and to make ready to exploit their oil fields and their natural wealth. If the story of the treachery and the betrayal of these people since the war could be laid bare it would make a story of cruelty and treachery nowhere surpassed in the history of wars. The result was, of course, that all Islam was aroused to resentment to which was easily added, on account of Constantinople, religious fanaticism which when once aroused who can tell the consequences!

Then came the playing of England and France against one another for advantage in that region where foreign intrigue and intermeddling and imperialistic schemes have hatched war for five hundred years. It is the same old game of the strong powers inciting these small but crowded nations to intrigue and aggression, each strong nation counseling and encouraging and furnishing arms and munitions for war. The whole miserable mess as it now menaces the world is the legitimate fruit of broken promises, of intrigue, of imperialistic policies of these strong nations since the armistice.

So I say, instead of the white people, the Christian people, preparing to make war, let them first prepare to do justice to these people. That will stop war

quicker than anything else. Instead of arousing the fear and passion of a Christian world that will send their sons to rot in that eternal slaughterhouse let them raise a united voice in favor of righting the wrong which has been practiced upon the colored races. It is the accursed fruit of unconscionable imperialism, of indefensible exploitation, of jealousy among the great powers which we are now about to gather in the shape of another world war. Instead of conniving at these policies I am in favor of saying in unmistakable terms to France and England: Your policies are condemned by the conscience of the Christian world and against such policies the moral forces of an aroused public opinion will contend. If by such policies you bring on war you shall find no sympathy nor succor in this quarter of the globe.

The policies of the Allies and the attempt to dismember Germany permanently, outlaw Russia, to reduce Syria and Mesopotamia and all those regions to helplessness, the covert threat against the whole of Islam, these are the things which have kept the world in ferment, have sown broadcast the seeds of another war. From the time Europe rejected everything offered by Mr. Wilson for incorporation into the Versailles treaty having a tendency to mollify the destructive forces until the present time these policies of dismemberment, of imperialism, have been pushed to the front. America ought not to leave it in doubt as to how she feels about them. If America has to fight again let her fight for justice, for principle, not for injustice, not for exploitation, not for imperialism.

We are now being deluged with statements by those who would have us put our soldiers behind these imperialistic policies of Europe. We are told that we have betrayed Europe, and that we must go into Europe and at once become a political ally and associate of the European powers. Haven't we coddled Europe about long enough? Europe needs to be told the fact and that is that she is the author of her own ruin. If Europe had consented to annul the secret treaties at Versailles, to have made a treaty which would have permitted Germany to pay and still live, as the American delegates urged, if she had recognized Russia who had given six millions in dead and wounded to the war, if she had carried out her solemn promises to subject peoples, in short, if she had been willing to give up her secret treaties and her imperialistic schemes and to cut down her armaments to a peace basis, Europe would today be a half century ahead of where she is on the road to recovery. But she insisted on all these things and now asks the United States to join her in a combination to make them a success—a league to nail down her plan. This is what we are asked to do now. We all want to see Europe recover, not only as a matter of humanity but also as a matter of economic health and we want to help. But there is not enough gold in all the world, there is not enough human sympathy in all the hearts of men, there is not enough wisdom this side the Divine Throne to save Europe under the present policies and plans of Europe. WILLIAM E. BORAH.

Address before the Press Club, Chicago, September 30.

The Church Prophetic

(Concluded.)

In my previous paper I have indicated some reasons why I do not emphasize as does Mr. Taylor the "community church," in the sense of an isolated economic unit, nor as much as does Mr. Holmes the "Community Church," in the sense of an independent religious body. I am less inclined than they seem to be to separation and substitution, and more inclined to believe that such religious work as we do will have to be done in the main for a long while yet through the recognized denominational churches. The question to which I want to address myself in this paper is, How can we best utilize such churches as we have and are likely to have for the promotion of the real message of the kingdom of God?

An economic radical said to me yesterday, apropos of the coming visit of W. Z. Foster of Chicago:

> Years ago the progressive thinkers in the Labor Unions pulled out and formed their own propaganda organizations. This left Gompers and the reactionaries generally a chance to build up their machine and take possession of all the strategic places in the field of organized labor, which they proceeded to do. Now the progressives and radicals are knocking at closed doors, trying to get back inside.

The man who said this is himself one of the clearest, most constructive, and most unself-centered labor leaders I know. What he said about the labor situation is the key to the real field of action in relation to labor just now. The outside bodies may have functioned usefully in the period through which we have passed. Whether things might have been otherwise, and might so have been better I will not now discuss. The important thing is that a large percentage of the most forward-minded men in the labor movement today are either holding on inside of the Unions, or are trying to get back. And that not because they have become less radical as thinkers, but because they have come to believe for the present anyway in another tactic than the tactic of separation.

For myself I am persuaded that we are facing a very similar situation in the religious field today. The conservatives in religion have stayed in the churches, and pretty nearly captured them. The churches are not dead, and are not going to die, in this generation anyway. They are very much, and to an alarming extent very mischievously alive. Here is a notice come to my hand this morning. It is from the Secretary of the Federated Churches in this city. And it is an out and out endorsement of the American Legion program for a patro-maniac pow-wow in this city, with a particular request that every pastor give out the announcement of it with commendation from his pulpit next Sunday.

The American Legion has sense enough to use the churches. The American government set them the example by using the churches systematically and most disastrously to the interests of truth and righteousness for the promotion of the war hysteria in 1917 and 1918. Neither of them said anything or is saying anything about the decline of the churches, or trying to build up a new grouping. They are using whatever bodies they find, of whatever theological character they may be, and their only concern is to know that they can use them for their own particular ends.

This is what the Anti-saloon League did, and thereby put over one of the most amazingly successful pieces of propaganda in the history of modern agitation. This is what, within a narrower field, the "Fundamentalists" have been doing in the evangelical churches, to the present confusion of every lover of freedom and progress in religion. And whatever may be the merits of economic experiments in self-support on the part of devoted groups of social workers here and there who are conscience stricken to be participants in our capitalistic cannibalism, or whatever field there may be for the extension of the Community Church as Dr. Holmes expounds and promotes it, this is the thing we ought to be doing, that is, we ought to be using every present organization of religious or non-religious character in every way in which we possibly can for the putting over of the "fundamentals" of the new order.

"Jesuitism" is a word in ill repute today, for the reason that it is not only identified in the minds of most of us with dubious ethical evasions, but for the further reason that it reminds us of the uttermost exercise of absolutism in the religious field. But its historical significance is not realized unless we can get beyond both of these limitations. The Jesuits performed one of the miracles of history. A mere handful of young men in the beginning, nevertheless they turned the tide of European affairs which was running steadily and strongly against the Roman Catholic Church, and wrought a greater wonder in the fields of religion than did the engineers who reversed the Chicago River in the fields of commerce. Their work was more like that of the builders of the Erie canal, who divorced the pioneer West from New Orleans and wedded it to New York, with an effect upon our national history too large to exaggerate.

The Jesuits did it by banding together solidly for a policy of educational penetration. They put their men into every institution of Europe, and especially into the places which commanded the river beds of youth. That is what the devotees of the new social order should be doing today. What we need is a "church of the prophets," who, with neither absolutism of authority, nor casuistical moral evasions, will patiently, persistently, co-operatively and individually, with whatever tactfulness they can command, permeate every existing organization with their doctrine. Let these "prophets" get their living as they may, meagre or abundant according to such opportunity and desire as they have. Let them work if they so desire with "Community Churches," rather than sectarian churches, so far as their definite "church work" is concerned. But let us have some concert of action, nation-wide, for something more than building up our own "plants," either churches, conventions, conferences, or anything which is emphatically our own and attended mainly by our own kind, and let us study to get into the interstices of every other organization, however conservative they be, for the sowing of our seed in all the crannies that are open to us. And our seed will grow into trees in most unlikely places, rending asunder all kinds of sepulchres which now are sealed to us.

This is the church that is needed, the "church prophetic," or the "church penetrative," if you prefer that word. Only it is a prophetic word which we carry, and our purpose is not penetration for the sake of penetration, but penetration for the carrying always and everywhere of the prophetic word. There are many things necessary to such a policy if it is to be carried out effectively. First of all there must be some agreement as to what the prophetic word is, though that agreement need not have any of the hardness of creed about it. There must be organization, in a large way, for the getting and distributing of information, a "Babson's Service," on prophetic rather than profitic lines. There must be willingness to take orders, and ability to give them. There must be the unity of a first-class "selling service," and something like a "Sheldon Course" in salesmanship—of ideas. We have the best goods on the market today. We have selling agents who are willing to work without profit to themselves in a monetary way. But we are a century behind the age in our selling organization. And that is why all kinds of "cheap jewelry" is being put over on the people, while the gold of truth goes without buyers.

If you are interested further let me know, and I will tell you what we are doing here in Seattle in the interests of such a service. ROBERT WHITAKER.

A WOMAN.

She has a heart attuned to quiet things,
  Slow rain, soft winds that pass,
Young blossoms that the warmth of April brings,
  And scented grass.

A hurt thing on the ground, a little child,
  A traveller faint for food,
These know her fellowship and manners mild,
  And find them good.

No marble doors swing hospitably wide
  To bid her come and dine,
But gaunt, grey houses on life's shadowed side
  Give her love's wine.

She holds no system of scholastic thought,
  Her creed is said to be
The sayings of a carpenter who taught
  In Galilee.

LOUISE WEBSTER.

1452 *Court Ave., Memphis, Tenn.*

BEFORE THE LIFE-MASK OF KEATS.

They stood like pilgrims in some holy place,
  Father and daughter—she with a wistful smile;
He with a grave compassion in his face,
  Gazing at that young life-mask for a while.

She looked as Flora might, at seventeen years,
  Her warm breast pulsing with the heart of spring;
While, in her father's gaze, the brooding tears
  Remembered, with the dead, how youth takes wing.

I wished that Keats could see her; but his eyes
  Were closed to all the yearning in her own,
Closed to the young moon stooping from her skies.
  He slept, more deeply than Endymion;
Slept, with those painted shadows of the great,
Loved by the world, a hundred years too late.

Today —*Alfred Noyes.*

Tower Hill a State Park

Many of our readers will rejoice in the above heading. Never a summer passed during the leadership of Jenkin Lloyd Jones that some word did not appear in UNITY's columns telling of the restful "doings" at Tower Hill. On October 1st a new chapter was begun in its history when friends from far and wide attended the "Dedication of the Jenkin Lloyd Jones State Park." Perfect weather, good roads and an attractive program brought a gathering estimated at five thousand people. The Pavilion proving entirely inadequate for the exercises, the addresses were made from its steps to an audience which extended far up the hillside.

Miss Lutie E. Stearns, who in previous years had so effectively arranged many programs for Women's Congresses at the Hill, with the help of Mrs. John J. Blaine and others, succeeded in bringing together a group of speakers who realizing the worth to many of the past history of the place, rejoice in its possibilities.

After the prayer of dedication by the Rev. John Faville, of Lake Mills, Miss Stearns spoke of the specific influence which in the past had characterized Tower Hill and which she hoped might be carried into the future. Those who had been privileged to stay on the Hill had enjoyed not simply recreation but re-creation through the beauty, the simplicity and the sincerity of the place and the atmosphere of thought. She said:

"Only those who have spent time here know the great truths which have been uttered from this oak pulpit, and all lovers of its traditions have the desire to see them perpetuated."

Miss Stearns then introduced the next speaker, Professor Joseph Schafer, Secretary of the State Historical Society, who gave a most interesting

Historical Sketch of Tower Hill.

He followed its history from the early days when Indians wandered over the country and mineral prospectors haunted the Hill, until the shot tower industry practically stopped just after the Civil War.

Regarding the story that Helena was once regarded as a likely spot for the location of the state capital Mr. Schafer said: "There were politicians in those days as well as now. Madison men had maneuvered so that there were always seven votes for Madison, and Helena, and other ambitious towns, were each given one vote as a peace offering."

Another interesting statement was that Helena had been visited, during the Black Hawk war, by men who were later to become well known in our country's history—Colonel Zachary Taylor, afterwards president of the United States, and Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, who became the president of the southern confederacy, they having crossed the river at this point while in pursuit of Black Hawk and his band. In closing, Mr. Schafer said:

"I rejoice that this gem among nature's gifts to the Wisconsin valley, this plot of earth and rock which combines in itself so much of natural beauty with so much of historical interest to the people of this state, has been presented to the people of the state. The presence of this great concourse of people, representing nearly every portion of southern Wisconsin, demonstrates that in establishing this state park the Conservation Commission has made no mistake."

It was given to Zona Gale who had inspired many other audiences at Tower Hill to speak of

The Influence of Jenkin Lloyd Jones on the State, Nation and All Humanity.

When I think of Jenkin Lloyd Jones I think of the secret which he shared with other great men: That life is not a personal matter. He had no sense of possessing his life, no sense of ownership of his time or of his energy, no sense of some centrifugal consciousness which he arbitrarily named himself, separated and cherished and emphasized as distinct from all other consciousness. Other consciousness seemed just as important to him as did his own. It was more than that—it *was* his own. He interpreted life not so much in terms of relationship as in terms of identity: One life—and he of it. He just as responsible for that expression of the common life known as Tom or Dick or Mary as for that expression known to him as Jenkin. He would never have said of an unfortunate: "There but for the grace of God go I." He would have said: "There go I." I think he would not have said: "I have a life." He would have said: "I am in life." His life was not a personal matter.

With that key all his activities interpret themselves. What was life for? For growing. What was the primary occupation of all who share in it? To help it to grow. So simple as that. . . . There lies his sovereign significance. There lies the significance of every other great man. Such a soul becomes a creative center, a center of power. After a time such a soul is not dependent on saying or even doing but itself gives off energy to all who contact it. This is what he did. You could not be in his presence without taking power. Cell by cell his being had become the expression of All-being until he literally was All-being and by his presence he communicated spiritual strength —as another may communicate haste or anxiety. These things are not very well known to us, but we can observe them as we observe the sun. . . . Of course all this flowered in tangible achievement which you and I might name: Lincoln Centre, All Souls, UNITY, Lincoln Centre Camp at Clear Lake, Tower Hill; but tangible achievement, however great, is, in so rich a nature, hardly more than a by-product. Hardly more than the main current brought down to a voltage for various incandescent burners at which we wonder. All the time the main power is flowing on, creating its own miracles in opinion, in spirit, among the people.

Of such by-products, such materializations was his impetus to the world's parliament of religions of 1893. With a touch he lifted four horizons that year and he said: See, their God and your God are one and they and you are one. Above all nations is humanity and all Gods are an impulse toward God. To many his whole service to the liberation of religious thought is his greatest tangible service—is the brightest of those incandescent burners through which flashed the incessant voltage of his spirit. . . . He did so much, but his highest survival is in what he was. This is the

supreme magic of personality as—so far—we know it. This is the observable part of immortality. . . . Here is surely the still small pulse of life. Amid all the amassing, the outdoing, the exchanging, the wishing of the race, the best of its essential life is in such men as Jenkin Lloyd Jones. He relaxed to the good. Has anyone ever known him to withhold himself from any smallest idealism which touched his path? Not just in understanding but in co-operation. He recognized the infinite when he saw it. He always had time for the infinite. He relaxed to the good but he was adamant toward the evil. This was evident in his great refusal—after he reached maturity—to countenance war. Any war. Shall we ever forget him on that Sunday in April, 1917: "If it was wrong last year, it is wrong this year. If it was wrong last week it is wrong this week. If it was wrong yesterday, it is wrong tomorrow." And again, that unforgettable phrasing: "War is the culmination of wickedness, the sum of all villainies." And his prophecy: "It will get us nowhere. It will ruin the world. It will defeat a century of idealism. It resolves nothing, it dissolves everything"—He was a prophet, a seer who did not need to live to see events prove his prophecy. He knew.

I cannot forbear to speak of his laughter. Glorious gargantuan laughter, inextinguishable laughter. Stepping into a cab with Miss Addams and Miss Lathrop, slamming the door and crying: "Forward once more, Julia, Jane and Jenkin." We hear him in his shouting distaste for fashions in millinery: "Whenever I think I may fall in love with a woman I first look at her hat."

The reality of laughter, tenderness toward evildoers, complete realization of the moment as momentous—these were his: in a word, infinite capacity for taking pains with life. To those that we here present remember, how many instances of his genius for living might have been added by the three who would so have loved to be here to-day: Bertha Howe, Jessie Shears Carnovale and Susan Miller Quackenbush.

Driving from Tower Hill to Helena one day we saw a beaver: "Little thing—on the long way," he said. It was so with him toward all life. He saw it all on the long way. On the long way. There we walk with him still. And this green place, given by her whom he loved and by their friends will be one more touch of his spirit upon ours and upon those who are to come.

Presentation of Tower Hill to the State.

Speaking on behalf of the old residents and the former legal owner of the Hill, Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelly said:

"From early boyhood Jenkin Lloyd Jones knew and loved every rod of this beautiful country and particularly this bit of ground we are dedicating to-day. The winding river, the skirting woods, the stately pines and the historic interest of the spot appealed to his imagination. Many years ago it attracted him as a summer home and he had a vision of what this hill might be made to mean to tired school teachers, and other professional people, to city-bound children and hard-working country folk.

"With the help of his old friends Dr. William C. Gannett and Rev. S. H. Hunting, the title to the land was secured and the dream began to grow into a reality.

"Always Mr. Jones' ideal was to furnish a place on the Hill where people might come and go away feeling they had made a step forward in human progress, that they were happier, more human, better citizens for having been here. And during the thirty years past many weary city dwellers have found health and bodily re-creation while brain and spirit have drawn inspiration from natural beauty, from science, art, poetry and from benign social contact and intellectual fellowship. Here children have gone hunting without a gun; they have learned to name the birds and flowers; they have made friends with bugs and snakes, stars and small furry things.

"Now that Mr. Jones is no longer walking the accustomed ways we wish to preserve the place for all time to the uses of the public. We know that Mr. Jones' tenure of this property was held by him as were all his gifts, in the nature of a trust for the service of his fellow men and we feel it would be his dearest wish that his trust should be continued.

"Therefore, believing as we do in the great possibilities of this place as a public park, and the unlimited power of the State to develop these possibilities as the years go on, we, in the name and the spirit of Jenkin Lloyd Jones with great pleasure join Mrs. Edith Lloyd Jones in tendering all its interests hitherto held by her and us to Governor Blaine in the hope that this may become one of the centers to which its people will turn for renewal of mind and body, for uplift of soul, and sane and wholesome pleasure."

Acceptance by the State and Naming the Jenkin Lloyd Jones State Park at Tower Hill.

Hon. John J. Blaine, Governor of Wisconsin, who also has been actively interested in the Tower Hill projects of the past, said in part:

Give me no light, Great Heaven, but such as turns
To energy of human fellowship,
No powers beyond the growing heritage
That makes completer manhood.

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

"We stand today in the light derived from the energy of the human fellowship of one whose life—from the artillery-man of seventeen years of age, going out in that strife of the Civil War, to the time when he joined the immortal dead—was one of unselfish devotion to the larger democracy. He lives again in minds made better by his presence. He scorned the miserable aims that end with self, and we here attest the influence of his persistency in search of vaster issues.

"From this hillside, Jenkin Lloyd Jones looked down the expanding valley, with the river winding its way by the rock-bound hills, through the shifting sands and circling the islands, thinking the thoughts that

pierced 'the night like stars,' for a larger freedom and a greater brotherhood.

"Fitting, indeed, is the gift of this historical spot known as Tower Hill to the State of Wisconsin, which Jenkin Lloyd Jones so dearly loved, and indeed so daringly served. This tract consists of 55 acres, bordering on the river, on which is preserved the shot tower of historical interest, pre-dating our statehood nearly a quarter of a century.

"It is my hope to see the adoption of a plan for public parks which will afford breathing places for the masses of the State. The State might well afford to enter upon a program of acquiring many tracts all over this state possessing wonderful scenic beauty, preferably small in area, accessible and convenient, either through gift or purchase, in addition to the ten or twelve tracts already acquired.

"This Park today accepted and dedicated will no doubt be popularly known as Tower Hill. It was so known by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Hereafter, it will be officially known as the Jenkin Lloyd Jones State Park at Tower Hill, in honor of the citizen and in recognition of his unselfish devotion to democracy at home, and to a democracy as well, unrimmed by territorial boundaries, race, language or creed.

"In behalf of the State of Wisconsin and her people I tender to Mrs. Jenkin Lloyd Jones and the residents of Tower Hill a sincere gratitude for their generosity in making possible the acquisition of this Park by the State. I take the liberty of dedicating this Park to all the people of the State of Wisconsin, in memory of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, as the Jenkin Lloyd Jones State Park at Tower Hill."

The Trust and Pledge of the State. C. L. Harrington, Conservation Commission, Madison.

Mr. Harrington said in part:

"The Jenkin Lloyd Jones State Park at Tower Hill is now a reality. Possessing a unique historical value, a commanding position on our most important river, easy of access and logically located so as to serve the growing population of Southern Wisconsin, this area takes its place among the other state parks as an important unit and one whose value will unquestionably increase as the years go by."

Mr. Harrington then proceeded to show what an important place the parks hold in emphasizing the importance of conservation in the life and well-being of the state and of the nation. He said:

"It will never do to continue to be a destructive people; the plow, the quarry and all other levelling forces must be forever barred from those areas that are unique and particularly instructive and attractive. Unusual land-marks, the oddities of the action of wind and water, the remains of ancient civilizations and many other things and places that incite wonder, pleasure and investigation, must not be left to the despoiling hand of man but must be guarded and preserved, for once destroyed they never can be satisfactorily restored. This work is for the Conservation Committee,—the preservation of our places of unique interest and for additional opportunities for all who enjoy the out-of-doors and the attractive places in the State.

"What is the State of Wisconsin doing to meet these demands? It is true that during the past few years many places in the State have been definitely preserved, that new park areas have been presented to and have been accepted by the State and that under protection many forms of wild life have increased, but on the other hand every year from one hundred thousand to a hundred and fifty thousand acres of forest land are cut over in the State, from fifty to a hundred thousand acres of land are completely cleared and broken up for farms. Of course we want to see this land clearing activity continued and encouraged but it is our opinion that while the opportunity lasts there should be set aside sizeable areas of park and forest lands, selected on account of their natural attractiveness, publicly owned and controlled and managed so as to provide the greatest service for the greatest number of people. Such parks should be made accessible and useful to the people. Young trees should be given protection from fire and dead ones replaced, fish and game should be protected during the nesting seasons and places of unique interest should be preserved as near as possible in their original condition.

"The Jenkin Lloyd Jones State Park takes its place in the general plan that aims to provide recreational opportunities for all the people. As a memorial it cannot be excelled. What could be more fitting than a natural park area covered with oaks and dedicated to the public service! This area will last forever and these oaks will be growing more and more beautiful as the years go by.

"It shall be the purpose and pledge of the Conservation Commission in whose charge is placed the administration of the state parks, to so manage this area that it will afford suitable opportunities for recreation for all who come this way. Improvements in the way of better roads, camping and picnicking areas, proper sanitary facilities, good drinking water, etc., will be carried out as the legislature provides for and directs. It shall also be the continued aim of the Commission to keep this area as beautiful naturally as possible, consistent with the greatest service to the people of this and other states. We feel that the Jenkin Lloyd Jones State Park at Tower Hill will be all that any of us here assembled may hope it to be as a memorial, in beauty and attractiveness and in service to the people."

Mrs. Bridget Clancy, who had lived within half a mile of Tower Hill for the past seventy years and who had been a regular attendant at the summer schools for many years, gave

The Pledge of the Neighborhood.

On this happy event I find pleasure in bringing to you greetings of the neighborhood. Having lived through three epochs in the history and evolution of Tower Hill, I am filled with a sense of satisfaction and gratitude in seeing it dedicated to ever higher and wider uses.

My earliest recollection of the hill is that of the intensely busy days when lead was being converted into shot.

The second epoch in the history of the hill came with the advent of that dynamic dreamer, Jenkin Lloyd Jones. He founded here a summer school of unique and unforgettable charm—a school so in advance of the times that even yet we scarcely realize its influence. The always-dominant note in its teachings was that of unity; the brotherhood of man; the steady and practical promotion of 'peace on earth, good will toward all

men.' Placed where it was always in view in this Pavilion was the Ruskin creed: 'We will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing,' and so the activities of the Hill evolved from destructive to wholly constructive purposes. The great message of the Prince of Peace received high and reverent interpretation.

"And now, to-day, as naturally as seed bears blossom and blossom bears fruit, we are inaugurating a new epoch for Tower Hill and dedicating it, as surely it would be the wish of him for whom it is named, to the 'greatest good of the greatest number.' To this end I gladly pledge my own and the interest of the entire neighborhood."

The River of Life

"A river with its streams shall make glad the city of God."

The waters of the Wisconsin are to me more than ever a part of that water of life which slakes the thirst of the soul as it cools the fevered pulse of the body. It, like its ancient companions, is a river of God, flowing for the "healing of the nations."

This river "with its streams makes glad the city of God" whenever it is known in its relations, for until then it is not known at all. That stretch of water bending its arm around the stolid bluff may seem the most commonplace of prosaic things, the same old river that it was over forty years ago when first I knew it, wrestling unsuccessfully with the shifting sands. However fields and homes and peoples change, it appears still the same. When we relate in thought the river to that exhaustless source of its being that comes from cloud-land, the benignant feedings of silent dews, the mystic springs born in snow-land and stored in rocky cisterns, the thousand rivulets that quietly replenish it as they creep through valley and ravine, under shady trees and through marshy glades, when the visible stream suggests to the mind the invisible cycles that reach out laterally through valleys and up hills to mountain heights, and kiss the cloud, the bountiful mother of rivers. When we realize that every drop in the river-bed is a pilgrim hasting with unwearied feet to that holy shrine it knows not of, that home in the mystic deep, and that when it finds its pilgrimage ended in the ocean's breast it will be again called up higher, wooed by the sun and sent back again to travel its beautiful round, then it becomes the most changeable of changing things. That sweep of river which has lulled and soothed me is but the visible link in the endless chain of being; it was the seen moment in the unseen round of existence, a segment in the divine circle of law, a beat of the rhythmic clock of nature. This river is the mother of the fern, the father of the meadow, the partner of the farmer, the friend of the birds. It has underground connection with the pine tree, clinging desperately to the naked face of the precipitous rock which enters into the rugged architecture of Tower Hill. We wonder how it lives up there where everything is dry, barren, and blistered, but the river knows and the tree knows. The river says, "It is easy for me to reach up to it when the root reaches down to me," and the pine says, "It is easy to live only so I can strike one root into the water level of the river."

Looked upon in this light, the river is a flux in permanence. It is the familiarity of ceaseless change, the stability of endless motion. The river that at night gives back the glory of the sunset, nay, contributes one-half of the glory itself, is not the river that welcomes the sunrise. That river is forty miles away, and the new river has come since last night from the hills of Baraboo, forty miles up-stream. The mould is the same, but the material is different; the form remains, the substance has changed. And still there is the sense of permanence that overlays the evanescent, and the stream in going does not rob us. We should lose the river if by any means it were compelled to tarry with us and to give over its journeying.

The Wisconsin River which washes the foot of Tower Hill is a part of the great water system of the globe. There is but one ocean, and all rivers are its feeders. The rivers have but one source, and that is the mother sea. Whether it be as invisible steam in the cylinder, floating vapor in the clouds, the mist overhanging the earth as morning drapery, snow, ice, spring, or river, water is the same everywhere and preserves its balance of relations.

But when and how may we apply this lesson to the River of Life? How can we teach man to believe that all religions are so many rivers bearing toward the ocean of Truth; that all nations are so many streams, tributaries to that splendid ocean of human brotherhood that is yet to be realized; and that in the last analysis, when, by process of distillation or of settling, the real essence of the souls of men is discovered, it will be found that all have emanated from the one paternal bosom of divine being? Oh, when shall we see man in his relations to the universe of life as we see the river in its relation to the universe of matter? When we have learned that lesson, courage will come so that we shall persist in our undertakings. Then tenderness will come, and teach us to be patient with the shortcomings of one another. And, last and best of all, vision will come to put meaning into what has heretofore been meaningless, to enable us to see harmony where we thought discord reigned, and we shall walk with unsandalled feet ground which before we rudely crushed with the hob-nails of irreverence and the profanity we visit upon the commonplace.

As I sat quietly cultivating the acquaintance of the Wisconsin River, I often clothed it with personality, and added to all its other charms the superlative gift of consciousness. I imagined it endowed with a memory that reached back to the upland brooks. I fancied it poring over vague recollections of a joyous life among pebbles and merry gambols over stones, but all oblivious of its snow birth or the rock womb from which it sprang. It might well remember its earlier augmentations, the cramped life at the Dells, the arbitrary interference of mill-dams and bridges, and now it begins to feel a burden of anxiety for the future. It has vague premonitions of a sea toward which it is tending, where from excess of glory and majesty it will again lose itself.

What fancy gave to the river, fact gives to man. All that and more is the lot of the humblest mortal, and herein lies the crowning mission of religion,—to give to man some realizing sense of the significance and responsibility of this self-consciousness; and any reasoning from analogy, from man to river and from

river back to man, that forgets this mighty difference is delusive and treacherous. Herein dawns my hope of immortality. This existence with a memory is to me a pledge of existence with a future consciousness. I am not dismayed by the immortality that is vouchsafed to the river. Glad and grateful will I be for the life that now is, which, river-like, is permitted to flow through glades of green, past rocks of strength, a life that is allowed to shelter joyous creatures, to reflect splendid scenery, to give back the colors of the sun, to water parched fields, and then, when its course is run, to find a home in the bosom of him who gave it being, to vanish, not into nothingness, but into reality, to be conserved in ways I wot not of for the perpetual uses of the God of life. I do not recoil from this kind of immortality; I will not rebel against it. Life is still a gift, a magnificent privilege. The life that ends in absorption and climbs to redistribution is insured to the river; and if I may fulfil the mission of a river, however humble, I will be content.

But I am more than a river. The forces of the soul are bound together, not by the external law of gravitation, but by an inner chord of consciousness, and thus, as it seems to me, guarantees a continuity transcending all the rounds of matter. Because I remember I rejoice in individuality. Being a river with a memory, I become a river with a hope, conscious of my own limitations, and knowing that this is the sublimest miracle of all miracles, the highest surprise, the latest achievement, and divinest unfolding of life. I find myself placed, not at the last end of a declining series, but at the fore-end of an ascending one; and so the river lifts me into dreams, expectations, faiths, that it cannot itself attain.

Science is compelled to assume the existence of an atom, which no one has seen, an indestructible unit, that which cannot be divided; and upon this assumption it works out its chemistry of nature. Some such unit of measure suggests itself to me in a self centered soul, a directing will, a conscious river, a stream with a memory, a tide of life with a hope.

So of this river of human life, this stream of consciousness we call soul. We must take it in its settings, study it in its glow as well as in its gloom. This hope, this hunger, this audacious faith, this majestic trust, this heroic defiance even of death itself, is a fact, a real, solid, splendid fact in the universe, before which true science is at least as respectful as it is in the presence of sand drifts and alluvial deposits.

So it is that I let one river interpret for me the other, but will not let the lesser fix the bounds or establish the conditions of the larger.

From "Jess." —*Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

Swirl of the river aflow to the sea,
Aspen a-quiver all tremulously,
Skylark that shivereth song o'er the lea,
Shaft of the sun;
Snowflakes that sprinkle the wind-bitten wold,
Fireflies that twinkle with shimmer of gold,
Wavelets that wrinkle the sands where ye rolled,
Rivulets ripple and run;
Lone mountain-meres that are silently dreaming
Of far-flashing spheres that enmirrored are beaming,
Clouds' crystal tears when the rainbow is gleaming,
I, also a son
Of the Mother, inherit the soul of her infinite throng,
See it and hear it my paths all about and among,
Throb with your spirit and sing with the manifold song
Of the infinite, manifold One.

—*Walter Leslie Wilmshurst.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Sign the Petitions

To the Editor of UNITY:

A petition is in circulation to the following effect:

"We the undersigned petition the Chairman of the Immigration Committee to remove temporarily the quota limit for all Armenians and Greeks rescued from Smyrna having relatives in the United States who are American citizens, and who can furnish them with the necessary transportation money and affidavits.

"Further, that the Commissioner of Immigration at once instruct the American Consuls in Athens, Smyrna and Constantinople to this effect."

The present quota of immigrants from Syria who can enter the United States is only 60 per month.

Whatever may be our opinions as to a permanent immigration policy, the restrictions ought to be temporarily relaxed in the face of so terrible a situation as now exists in the Near East. The petition might well be widened to include Syrians also. ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Chilmark, Mass.

[*The Editors of* UNITY *beg to call the very especial attention of our readers to this letter from Miss Blackwell. The petition, to which she refers, is one which should have the whole-hearted endorsement of every American. Better than the giving of money, or of temporary relief of any kind, is this constructive suggestion for making this country a place of refuge for the unhappy Greeks and Armenians of Smyrna. If there are objections to the idea, they are foreseen and met by the reservations embodied in the first paragraph of the petition. We ask our readers to sign this petition, or copies of it, and send at once to Miss Blackwell.*—EDITORS.]

A Fellowship Letter

[The following letter, addressed to one of our "UNITY Fellowship," we know will be of great interest to our readers.—EDITORS.]

You have been most kind sending me several of your admirable writings in various papers, i e., UNITY, *The Nation*, and *Christian Register*. How good they all are, including the papers. Yet one does rather wish there could be a concentration of all these rather similar and great thoughts on some one great paper. Yet the daily ordinary papers and magazines are diffuse enough and perhaps it is as well. I wish you would write something on great journalism. We have, as you will have noticed, lost Harmsworth, alias Northcliffe. Was he of any real value to his generation? Personally, I never bought the *Daily Mail* in my life! I disliked the whole outlook of it and I only considered the proprietor a *great salesman!* In writing to G. P. Gooch I asked him his opinion. He said "a biggish man but he hoped not to see his like again." The Germans I see complain of him as the cause of the war; though I can quite understand and *under*value this opinion as coming from them, it was nevertheless also *my opinion*, in so far as he expressed many wrong thoughts and applauded the *many* bad causes that originated a horrible war. However one could write much on these matters, but I must abstain.

Prohibition is all important. What evils have not been wrought by this great trade of drink. Yet to suppress it one is up against the freedom and liberty of man. Like the horrors of war it can only be suppressed by the general uplifting of man, by his reflection upon his moral code. I cannot myself support the League of Nations as yet. I have some feeling that it is only a *pretence* to approve of peace and to bring it about by force, which like prohibition may let in by stealth undermining influences the other way about. I hate evil, vice and all these nasty things, but I hate still more the *methods* and especially the *men* who try to suppress these by their smug methods and unjust and unequal laws. For I ever have before me the abominable criminal laws, cruel from their commencement and still prevailing, always against the individual and never against *society*, to which the law makers and law breakers both belong and which as a *whole* are guilty of all the wrongdoing that exists. I am coming every day to realize how very little our legislation, judges, clergy or *authority of any kind* bring about any real good, except so far that they all look the right thing and inspire some awe in weaker natures. I remember when in the West Indies (which is an ideal climate and so many delights for observation that you would so enjoy for a holiday outing!) noticing what a lot of pomp and ceremony is kept up by all the petty governors and administrators of the various islands for the perhaps necessary purpose of intimidating the negroes! But so far as the more

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION.

138 West 13th Street, New York City.

September 20, 1922.

To Our Friends:

The time has come when the united efforts of all of us promise to secure the release of all the 75 remaining political prisoners. The President assured a delegation on July 19th that all cases would get speedy attention, and that those who had applied for pardon would be considered within 60 days. He implied that all would be released who had not advocated the violent overthrow of the government. There are none such.

But because of strikes and politics, things are moving slowly toward that end. Only by relentless insistence on the issue can we keep it to the front. We are doing that by constant publicity from the Washington office and negotiations with government officials. Other organizations are working to the same end, too.

We ask you to add to these efforts your personal help now:

1. By writing a short letter to the President telling him how the issue looks to you in view of the facts below, and what you know the sentiment to be in informed circles in your own community. Tell him plainly. These letters all make a very real impression on the officials.

2. By writing a letter to a local paper for publication, calling attention to the issue, and pointing out the chief facts. Or ask the editor to write an editorial based on the facts below. If he does, send a clipping of it to the Joint Amnesty Committee, 233 Maryland Building, Washington, D. C.

Please act at once. Thank you.

HARRY F. WARD, *Chairman,*
ROGER N. BALDWIN, *Director.*

SET THE POLITICAL PRISONERS FREE!

Under War-Time Free Speech Convictions 75 Men are Still Serving Aggregate Sentences of Over 800 Years in American Prisons.

There are still in federal prisons today, almost four years after the war's end, 75 men convicted under the Espionage Act and other emergency war laws restricting free speech. There are 73 at Leavenworth Prison, one at McNeil Island Prison, one at Atlanta. The majority of the men are serving sentences of ten to twenty years. All but five of them are members of the Industrial Workers of the World, convicted in three conspiracy cases, tried in Chicago, Sacramento and Kansas City, Kansas. Most of them were workingmen in the basic industries of the West; many were also organizers, officials or editors of organization papers. The five who are not members of the I. W. W. were convicted in scattered Espionage Act cases. Three were editors of radical papers, one was a lawyer, one a writer. Three of these are Mexican aliens.

THEIR OFFENSES.

The only offense for which any of these prisoners is now serving time was written or spoken opposition to the war. In fact, in a number of the I. W. W. cases, there is no record of any such opposition, and mere active membership in the organization was held sufficient to convict the men of conspiracy to obstruct the war. Appellate courts have completely exonerated the prisoners of any charges of violent acts against persons or property, leaving only free speech charges. All the German spies and enemy agents were released long ago.

In view of all these facts the political prisoners should be released at once without discrimination, in accordance with the action taken in other countries shortly after the close of the war. The Administration's policy of trying to deal with each case separately "on its merits" is unfair because no reasonable discrimination can be made between the men, and it opens the way for favoritism, prejudice and guess work. The department of Justice is not equipped to make independent examinations of the cases, and must rely upon the word of the trial prosecutors, who cannot be counted upon to deal fairly with the men they prosecuted.

AMNESTY.

Ever since the armistice, those interested in upholding the American tradition of freedom of opinion have urged upon both the Wilson and Harding administrations an act of general amnesty for political prisoners. They have pointed out that after the close of the Civil War such an act freed and restored to citizenship even imprisoned rebels and their sympathizers. In accordance with the practice in civilized countries, amnesties for war-time offenders have been granted by every government associated with us in the World War, and by enemy countries too. In Great Britain the sentences in such cases did not exceed six months. General amnesty decrees in other allied countries were issued as follows: Italy, Nov. 19, 1918; France, Oct. 24, 1919; Belgium, Oct. 31, 1919. There was also an amnesty decree in Canada dated Dec. 20, 1919. *For nearly three years the United States has had the unenviable distinction of being the only country to keep prisoners of this character in jail.*

UNTRIED CASES.

Despite the fact that the Espionage Act was suspended March 3, 1921, and is now wholly inoperative, the government has not dismissed the cases brought under it. Men are still on their way to prison under Espionage Act prosecutions where the appeals are yet to be heard. There are many such cases pending. With the release of the prisoners should go an order dismissing every prosecution under the Espionage Act and other war laws restricting freedom of opinion.

THE PRESENT SITUATION.

There has been an almost ceaseless campaign ever since the armistice for the release of these political prisoners. The Wilson administration acted in about 200 Espionage Act cases by reducing the long sentences to what was called a "peace-time basis." The War Department did the same with thousands of cases of soldiers sentenced to long terms. This released them automatically after serving comparatively short terms. A few pardons were later issued.

When the Harding administration came into office March 4th, 1921, there were still about 175 political prisoners. After an intensive campaign for amnesty in the fall of 1921, the President released on Christmas Day 19 political prisoners among the 25 "Christmas releases." The outcry from reactionary interests against the release of Eugene V. Debs in that group was such that the Administration shut down on political pardons until the Children's Crusade brought the issue again sharply to the fore. Since May 1, when the Children's Crusade came to Washington, 16 men have been released by parole or pardon. The terms of 17 others have expired. On July 19 the President received the first amnesty delegation (representing some fifty civic, church and labor organizations) that he had been willing to see since before Christmas.

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civilized communities in which *we* live, I have come to the conclusion that all the great and small *voluntary agencies* at work, such as are grouped under the head of social workers, economists, artists, scientists, lecturers, and educationists and missionaries, in fact all good hearted people who have no authority whatsoever, but often immense influence, are the real salt and benefit of this earth. I do so like your article upon "Prohibition and Education." There are so many good things said in it—"punishment stimulates the will to resist," "the world has tried the method (of punishment) for thousands of years and has never found it to work." Two quite remarkable books have been lately published on English Prisons (of the past), and on English prisons of today, and go to prove much that you say. The first is by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb with a preface (written in white heat!) by the celebrated playwriter, Bernard Shaw, who has always been a great reformer. The second is a very large volume by Stephen Hobhouse and Fenner Brockway (highly educated men and both were conscientious objectors and went to prison) whose revelations are all obtained from no official source, and which is therefore more highly creditable to them. We have had *your* great prison reformer over here for his second visit, Mott Osborne, and I have met him several times. He greatly impresses one. Isn't it strange that none (or hardly one) of our judiciaries ever take any interest in these matters! I suppose it is similar in America.

We have just returned from a delightful rest and outing to the beautiful Isle of Wight. It was always a delight to me to see almost daily one or more of the great liners going to and returning from the distant parts of the world, mostly to and from America. The S. S. "Majestic" and "Mauretania," the former (a German built ship) now our greatest liner, one day were being visited by the King; a better sight I thought than the usual sight of Kings and Queens visiting battleships! I did not attend our good friend Dr. Walsh's service last Sunday when he would have returned to Steinway Hall. He gave us some glorious addresses lately there on our great English poet Shelley. I want him to publish these, together in one volume. I must not weary you more so will conclude with our affectionate regards.

To them he expressed opposition to a general amnesty, but he said that all the political cases would be reviewed individually within the near future. He intimated that he would be disposed to release all except those who advocated the violent overthrow of the Government. An examination of the records will show that there are no such prisoners, and therefore that every man should be freed.

ORGANIZED SUPPORT FOR AMNESTY

The demand for the freeing of political prisoners comes from all over the country and from citizens of very different points of view. Practically the entire American labor movement has urged a general amnesty time and again. Various religious bodies, particularly the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America and the Central Council of Jewish Rabbis, have repeatedly urged their release. Among ex-soldiers the World War Veterans and the Private Soldiers' and Sailors' Legion have expressed themselves vigorously for amnesty, as have a number of Congressional Medal of Honor men and Civil War veterans. Newspaper and magazine support is wide-spread.

The organizations carrying on active work for the release of all the prisoners are: General Defense Committee, 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois; the Pennsylvania Committee for Political Prisoners, 400 Machinists Temple, Philadelphia; the Workers Defense Union, 81 East 10th Street, New York City; and the American Civil Liberties Union, 138 West 13th Street, New York City, with a Washington office at 233 Maryland Building.

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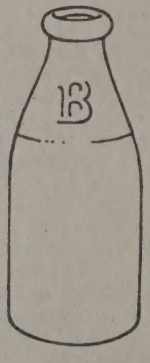
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